

Oxford Democrat.

No. 11, Vol. 6, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, July 21, 1846.

Old Series, No. 20, Vol. 15.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY

G. W. Miller,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance. Advertisements inserted on reasonable terms;—the Proprietor not being accountable for any error beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for cash in advance.

Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

POETRY.

A MOTHER'S SMILE.

BY A. E. CARPENTER.

There are clouds that must overshadow us—
There are griefs that all must know—
There are sorrows that have made us
Feel the tide of human woe;
But the deepest, darkest sorrow,
Though it tear the heart awhile,
Hope's cheering ray may borrow
From a mother's welcome smile!

There are days in youth that greet us
With a ray too bright to last—
There are sorrows that have made us
Feel the tide of human woe;
But the deepest, darkest sorrow,
Though it tear the heart awhile,
Hope's cheering ray may borrow
From a mother's welcome smile!

There are scenes and sunny places
On which memory loves to dwell—
There are many happy faces
Whom we have known and loved as well;
But mid joy or mid dejection,
There is nothing can beguile—
That can show the fond affection
Of a mother's welcome smile!

HOPE.

If Hope be dead—why seek to live?
For what besides has life to give?
Love, Life, and Youth, and Beauty too,
If Hope be dead—say! what are you?

Love without Hope! it cannot be;
There is a vessel on you sea,
Beckoned and sullied as Despair,
And know—'tis hopeless Love floats there.

Life without Hope! O that is not,
To live; but day by day, to rot,
With feelings cold and passions dead;
To wander o'er the world and tread
Upon its beauties; and to gaze,
Quite vacant, o'er its flowery maze,
Oh! think, if this be Life! then say—
"Who lives when Hope hath died away?"

Youth without Hope! An endless night,
Trees which have felt the cold spring's blight,
The lightning's flashes, and the thunder's strife,
Yet pine away a weary life
Which older would have sunk and died
Beneath the strokes their youth defied—
But, cursed with length of days are left
To rot in youth of Hope bereft.

And Beauty, too, when Hope is gone—
Has lost the ray in which it shone;
And seen without this borrowed light,
Has lost the beam that made it bright.
Now what avail the silken hair,
The gentle smile, the gentle air,
The beaming eye, and glance refined—
Paint semblance of the purer mind—
As gold dust, sparkling in the sun,
Points where the richer strata run,
Alas! they now just seem to be
Bestowed to mock at misery!
They speak of days long, long gone by,
Then point to cold Reality,
And with a death-like smile they say—
"Oh! what are we when Hope's away?"

Thus Love, Life, and Beauty too,
When seen without Hope's brightening hue,
Alas! in misery's saddest tone,
"Why seek to live if Hope be gone?"

THE DEVIL'S PULPIT.

A LEGEND OF THE HUDSON.

BY T. W. NEIGHAN.

All rivers have their legends—why should the Hudson be legendless? There is scarcely an European river that is not beset by as many legends as will extend its fame to every quarter of the globe, so long as the finger of Time points to the dial which marks the world's duration. On the borders of the much-flattered Rhine there are not one hundred square feet unshadowed by some marvellous story; nor does a castle in the contiguous country rest its taleless head, or turret, or roof, or whatever else the "culminating point," as Professor Silliman would say, should be called. All memory of the Rhine is embalmed in guide books, upon which more labor has been spent than ever built Jerusalem, and from which thousands of interesting "foreign" letters have been stolen for American newspapers. Yet, with all its helps to fame, the Rhine will not be so famous as many of our rivers.

On this newly discovered continent there are a few wild spots whose unearthly, though natural attributes, have caused them to be made the themes of the most terrific histories; and these, with a few singular melodramatic incidents concerning the red man, form all that approaches towards American legendary lore. They are but "straws embalm'd in amber." The nearest imitation of an out-and-out legend we have heard concerning home relates to a spot well known to all holiday-loving New Yorkers.

On the left bank of the Hudson, as you go up the river, and about eight miles from this city is a huge rock which projects from the main land, and overhangs a series of small cliffs facing directly upon the water. The shape of this rock

is peculiar. It is like an old fashioned church pulpit in decay. The front is split, and the spectator, in viewing the rent is certain to form the idea that a stroke of lightning or some convulsion of the earth occasioned it. You reach this rock after a toilsome journey over a spiral path, from the base of the cliffs, half a mile in length. The sensation created by looking down from the pulpit—or, as it is called, "The Devil's Pulpit"—is of a very thrilling nature. It seems as if you are hanging in the air, and on the point of being precipitated among sharp pointed promontories, trees whose rugged branches appear like warning arms outstretched to save you, and confused patches of soil and water. Yet no spot on earth is more secure than the Devil's Pulpit, which has stood in its tender-looking position, no doubt, since the creation of Adam. On the east corner of what may be, not inappropriately, termed the floor of the pulpit, is the imprint of a hoof, as curiously as indelibly imprinted, and sunk, like the carving in a coin die, beneath the surface. One hundred and forty years ago, the dwellers thereabouts, and they were few, gravely asserted that this imprint was the result of one of Satan's visits to that place. The rent in the front of the rock was also attributed to the like remarkable agency. The story, treating of the devil's visit, and the cause, reads thus:

On the hills, and upon waste and barren land, resided a Dutch shoemaker, by the name of Van Kuyper, with his wife and daughter. Van Kuyper was a man of great strength, and courage amounting to brute daring. He regarded his wife and child as a sportsman regards his dogs; that is with a jealous idea of ownership, and a purpose to assert his right to the property at the hazard of life and limb. Nobody loved to associate with him; but he got all the cordwaining business incident to a meagre population, for the simple reason that no other votary of St. Crispin lived within, at the least calculation, forty miles of the Devil's Pulpit. Even with the advantages of a monopoly of trade, Van Kuyper's occupation was unsteady and unprofitable. He had little clothing, few household goods, and a bare sufficiency of food of the coarsest kind. Every body hated and feared him, yet could assign no reasons for not extending to him the cordial right hand of fellowship. He lived quietly enough in his hut—for house it could only be called by courtesy—and worked, when occasion demanded, industriously at his lasts and leather. He often said that he was avoided for his proverbs; but the neighbors would shake their heads, and ask if a man who had buried gold pieces in the wood could be poor. Van Kuyper had during the first year of his abode there, been discovered at daylight in the wood, counting a quantity of gold coin, and sharing it with an Indian, of whom we shall presently speak. This act had been witnessed by a most righteous man among the people, on his return from a christening. Van Kuyper was told of the report, but he only mockingly shook his head, growled like a sleepy bulldog, and said "Bah! the deacon drank too much!"—an assertion in which many shrewd persons placed considerable reliance.

No matter what the reason was, Van Kuyper was shunned, and, under the ban of social displeasure, worked on regardless of all around him. One being only seemed to share the brute affection he evinced towards his wife and daughter, and that being was a stalwart Indian, very poetically termed the "White Cow," by his own people, dubbed by the whites, whom he heartily hated, "Old Larry." Larry was not old however, but between forty and fifty years of age, in the full vigor of health, as active as a boy, as brave as a lion, and as dishonest as an Indian among whites, generally is—by which we mean that he would steal every thing he could put his hands on. Several highway robberies which had occurred in the vicinity were charged upon this Indian; but, for want of conclusive evidence, the charges were never brought home, and the accused escaped. Vague insinuations had been heard that Van Kuyper knew something about these outrages, but his poverty protected him against any specific accusation. He, it was certain, never had anything but what was gained by hard labor at his vocation. His association with Larry was accounted for by the fact that both were men proscribed from public confidence, and were driven, by the want of the opposite of solitude, to fly to each other's company for solace and relief. At the end of five years, which had passed by without any extraordinary event, Van Kuyper buried his daughter. Neither he nor his wife betrayed any grief for their loss. On the contrary, the prospect of having one less to eat and be clothed, visibly lightened the hearts of both. On the heels of this circumstance trod another, which proved Van Kuyper's ruin. Another shoemaker took up his residence within half a mile of his cabin, and, as a matter of course, all the people carried their work to the new comer. Desolation marked the habitations of the proscribed. In the eyes of the world (a small world to be sure) this misfortune was received with stolid indifference. Larry and Kuyper kept their nightly meetings as before. Van Kuyper smoked his pipe as usual, and the Indian shared his rum with his companion precisely as he had always done. Six months after the arrival of the new shoemaker, as he was called, Van Kuyper began to show signs of distress. He wandered uneasily about the various dwellings scattered around, until at last, apparently in a starving condition, he entered the house of one who had least persecuted him, and asked for bread.

"Give me bread," said he, "or I shall starve."

For three days I have not broken my fast."

ment. He went from house to house with his petition, and received a moderate supply of provender, with a great deal of the commodity offered by the first person of whom he begged food. The burden of all this advice was—"If you cannot make a living here, go somewhere else!"

To all this his reply was—"The bones of my child are buried in this place, and those of my wife, judging from her present illness, are fated to the same destination. I cannot leave their graves to the care of strangers."

It was soon observed that Larry had also deserted Van Kuyper. Numerous reasons were assigned, but none were satisfactory. When questioned as to the cause, Larry would say, "Poor white man got no brains. He starve—he stay here."

When Van Kuyper heard of this, for the first time since his arrival there, he exhibited violent emotions. Swearing a horrible oath, he turned away, took his gun and sallied into the woods with the determination of having vengeance upon the "red devil," as he termed the Indian. He had not to search long. They met and fought. The Indian was disabled by a blow from the butt of Van Kuyper's musket, and Van Kuyper received a flesh wound in the thigh.

On that night a stranger entered the residence of Van Kuyper. He seemed rich, and of recent arrival across the broad Atlantic. With the greatest nonchalance he cast himself into Van Kuyper's only chair, and made known his desire to rest there that night and be accommodated with supper.

"I have nothing, stranger," said Van Kuyper, despondingly. "If you need refreshment, you had better pursue your journey for the next house. Here we have nothing—not even the prospect of getting anything."

"That's strange talk for a stout man like you," remarked the stranger, with a show of surprise. "What is to prevent you from getting what you need? You have health, strength and courage."

"Aye!" said Van Kuyper, bitterly, "but neither quality will gain me a livelihood here. Everybody shuns me."

"Have you been guilty of crime?" inquired the stranger.

"No; the only crime I have committed is that of minding my own business and finding a companion to cheer me on in my labors."

Van Kuyper then related the story of his fellowship with the Indian, and his singular desertion.

"Well, well," said the stranger, stretching his legs out and settling himself determinedly in the chair, "I shall stay here to-night, notwithstanding your demerit. As for the matter of refreshment, I have that in my saddle-bags at the door. It is worth going after."

Van Kuyper went to the door, but returned immediately, saying—"A good jest! I see no horse."

"No horse!" exclaimed the stranger, "no horse! By hell, it will not prove a jest for him who has stolen the animal!"

"There are no horse-thieves here!" suddenly remarked Van Kuyper. "Perhaps your horse has strayed off to browse."

"Browse!" sneered the stranger—"On what? There is not as much pasture here as would preserve a goose from famine. Come and aid me to recover my loss. If I do not find the animal, I am ruined, for he bears about with him all that I have valuable."

"Come on, then," said Van Kuyper; "I know every spot five miles around, and if the thief is not as dexterous as the devil himself, your horse is not beyond recovery."

The twin left the house together, and without saying a word more to each other, took the path which led to the Devil's Pulpit. Van Kuyper remarked that the horse could not have gone that way, as the footing was impracticable.

"Not for him, sir," responded the stranger, "my horse travels where many of his species dare not—cannot go."

Van Kuyper offered no other objection, saying only that the animal must be a remarkable one. He felt an irrepressible desire to ascend the path—an unaccountable satisfaction in being with the stranger. They did not speak until at the foot of the pulpit, when a shout from Van Kuyper broke the surrounding silence. On the rough uneven surface of the cliff was old Larry, the Indian, dead, and over him stood a coal-black horse, as motionless as though carved from the stone itself.

"What have we here!" exclaimed the stranger. "My God!" cried Van Kuyper, "we met in the wood to-day, and I struck him. He is dead—dead from the effects of my blow, and I am—"

"A murderer!" quietly said the stranger, in a voice which was fearfully distinct and thrilling. The rocks seemed to be animated, for they echoed "A murderer!" in a thousand reverberations.

"What—what shall I do?" groaned Van Kuyper, with his face buried in his hands.

"Do?" said his companion, "go and be hanged, I suppose."

"No!" yelled Van Kuyper, starting up—"No! my crime is unknown except by you. I will not die! Your death shall insure my safety."

Thus speaking, he sprang at the stranger with the ferocity of a tiger, and endeavored in his agony and fear, to throw him over the cliff; but to his horror and amazement, the stranger did not budge! Like a statue grown from the earth, he remained erect and motionless.

"Sit down," said he, pleasantly. "You are beside yourself with terror. I spoke but jesting when I mentioned hanging. Bring me my saddle bags!"

The inner man strengthened, the brain is clear and the nerves are steady. "So."

As he spoke he unrolled to Van Kuyper's astonished eyes a solid repast, which he drew, article by article, from the saddle-bags.

"Stay!" said Van Kuyper, "ere I eat, promise me, on your word and honor, to observe secrecy as to what you have now seen."

"Eat—eat, I will not inform of you. 'Sdeath! I am not lost to all sense of honor; although honesty and I have had some hard tussles ere now."

The repast was finished with speed, and then the stranger, with the most polished grace, began questioning Van Kuyper as to his future prospects.

"Prospects!" exclaimed the stricken man; "I have none, as I before told you. No hope remains for me."

"Be not so sure of that. What would you do now if some friend should give you gold enough to purchase all this land?"

"What would I do? Give him anything, even my—"

"Soul?" questioned the stranger, while his eyes glistened like fire.

"Soul!" echoed the rocks, so clearly that a hundred persons seemed to surround them and habitate each nook.

"Aye!" exclaimed Van Kuyper boldly—"body and soul!"

"No great gift either," said the strange man with emphasis; "the one belongs to the hangman, and the other to—"

A shrill neigh by the horse prevented Van Kuyper from hearing the stranger's last words.

"Great or not, I have naught else," said Van Kuyper.

"Are you quite certain about your soul?" Van Kuyper shivered with agitation as he reflected on what he had said. "No!" he screamed in mortal fright; "No, no! I can repent and live."

"How? Look out from here. The moon shines so brightly that we can see every object for a mile around. Behold! You might simply by disposing of a commodity which is intangible, and to you of no account, have gold enough to purchase all that your eyes rest upon. What can you gain by remaining as you are? Poverty will know your vitals; the contempt of the vulgar herd will poison the current of your blood, and render you a walking curse. Society, for no reason whatever, has outlawed you—conspired to rob you of your means of living. Turn against society. In your turn become the oppressor. Buy their homesteads, and then send them forth to seek asylums elsewhere."

"Good!" said Van Kuyper, with delight. "How shall I make the bond that will secure all this to me. Who will draw it up?"

"I will!" said the stranger.

"You! You are—"

"Give yourself no uneasiness," hastily interrupted the other; "I am the friend of the desponding, the prime minister of despair, the only guardian of those whom misfortune stamps, in the estimation of the great human family, as criminals. If I hint of strange means, I but act upon the principle that desperate causes require desperate aids."

"Yet," said Van Kuyper, "you converse singularly of a supernatural method of gaining all this delightful power."

"I do. What then?"

"I have heard," said Van Kuyper, as he shivered and quailed with terror, "that the Evil one himself often visits the earth, and brings with him propositions like that you have mentioned."

"You have heard aright."

"Then," remarked Van Kuyper, in a hollow voice, while his complexion was the color of lead, and his lips black—"Then you may be—"

"Exactly. I am that person."

"Then, God forgive and protect me!" exclaimed Van Kuyper—and he sank upon his knees.

With a scowl the stranger disappeared, stamping with rage as he did so. The horse reared, struck his hind hoofs into the brain of the tempted man, and vanished through the front of the stone.

That night a storm suddenly came up, and wrecked half the craft on the Hudson. It is recorded in the chronicles of the time, that such a fearful tempest and showers of hail and rain had never before been experienced in that region.

The next morning some of the neighbors discovered the bodies of Van Kuyper and Old Larry. The tale we have briefly sketched was at once circulated, and the Devil's Pulpit thereafter was regarded with the most superstitious dread. The demon of the settlement declared that the two men had fallen out, and slaughtered each other, but no one credited the story. Van Kuyper's wife became a maniac, and died within a twelve-month after her husband's demise.

The Devil's Pulpit stands near Fort Lee, and an old female lives near, isolated and poor, who gives the outlines of the legend. It contains an excellent moral, which we leave to be found out by the sagacity of the reader, believing, as we do, that a moral which cannot be experienced without specific explanation, is of nothing worth.

A GOOD ONE.—One of the deserters from the company of the "Jessamine Blues," Louisville, Ky., had been paying his distresses to a lady. After his inglorious return home, he hastened to visit the fair one, but alas! she refused to see him—burial for her! He pleaded that he had returned home just on her account. Such a plan to win a Kentucky lass we never hear of! He begged to be permitted to send her a note; but even this was refused.

A Small Party. It is estimated that 100,000 people were on Boston Common on the evening of the 4th, to witness the fire works.

For the amusement of all those who stand indebted to the Printer for two, three and four years' papers, and who have been frequently called upon for payment, we insert the following

PARADY.

To dun—or not to dun? That is the question, Whether 'tis better that the purse should suffer (From lack of cash) by baneful emptiness, Or by a gentle dun to fill it up:

To dun! to get the money—and be enabled To live—and pay our debts—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To dun—to be deny'd—Deny'd, with "CALL AGAIN," Ay, there's the rub; For in that "call again" what evils come—

What disappointment—sore chagrin—and woe— What time is wasted—and what shoes are worn In consequence—must give us pain:— It is this!—

That makes so many debts not worth collecting! 'Tis this that sickens business to despair— And keeps from HONEST LABOR its reward.

While this in language of complaint we speak, We don't forget our many, many FRIENDS— To THEM a debt of gratitude we owe:— To THEM our gratitude we freely pay, Buoy'd by their kindness, still our bark shall sail, Enjoy the pleasing calm—nor dread the boisterous gale.

A SORT BED.—The southern papers are very full of anecdotes concerning the state of things at the seat of war. Not the worst of these trifles is the following. It is peculiarly ridiculous:

Among the volunteers was a "gentleman's son,"—a full private, who, heartily sick of rainy weather, mud, and no shelter, first went to his captain with his complaints, but meeting with no particular sympathy, resolved to have a talk with General Taylor himself. Arrived at the commander's quarters, the General was pointed out to him, but he was rather incredulous. "That old fellow General Taylor? Nonsense!" Stated, however, that such was even the case, he marched up, and rather patronizingly opened his business.

"General Taylor, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, General, I'm devilish glad to see you—am, indeed!"

The General returned the civility.

"General, you'll excuse me, but since I've been here I've been doing all I could for you—have, indeed; but the fact is, the accommodations are very bad—are, indeed; mud, sir! obliged to lie down in it, actually; and the fact is, General, I'm a gentleman's son, and not used to it!"

"The General, no doubt deeply impressed with the fact of having a gentleman's son in his army, expressed his regret that such annoyances should ever exist, under any circumstances, in a civilized army."

"Well—but, General, what am I to do?"

"Why, really, I don't know, unless you take my place."

"Well, now, that's civil—'tis indeed. Of course don't mean to turn you out, but a few hours sleep—a cot, or a bunk, or anything—would be so refreshing! Your place—where is it, General?"

"Oh! just drop down—anywhere about here—any place about camp will answer!"

The look which the "gentleman's son" gave the General was rather peculiar.

"Well, no wonder they call you 'Rough and Ready!'" said he; and, amid the smiles of all but "Rough and Ready" himself, the "gentleman's son" returned to take his chance of the weather.

A NOVEL EXCUSE. In the battle of the Resaca de la Palma, in a hand-to-hand skirmish, a soldier in our army, a quaint Irishman, pierced a Mexican with his bayonet and immediately after fired the contents of his musket.

"What was that for?" said the officer in command of the squad, in a tone signifying his disapproval of the act.

"Oh!" said the soldier, much puzzled for an answer, "what was it for?—why, to make a hole to get my bayonet out of, to be sure."

A BLISTER. A person who makes a great deal of noise—who drives pell mell along, seldom accomplishes anything for himself or others. He is like a rocket, that ascends and fixes the eyes of the multitude for a few moments, and then expires. That which in man produces the most effect, is unseen by the community and only felt. Do you hear the steam that propels the majestic boat? The steam which escapes and makes the horse produce nothing. It is just so with mankind, look where you may. The blustering, talking, driving, headlong fellow, make you start and turn aside—and this is all. "The substantial, energetic, talented, say but little, but you feel the effects of their labors and their influence every day."

WISDOM AND INNOCENCE.—Wisdom without innocence is knavery; innocence without wisdom is folly; he therefore as wise as serpents and innocent as doves; the subtlety of the serpent instructs the innocence of the dove; the innocence of the dove corrects the subtlety of the serpent. What God hath joined together, let no man separate.

"I never knew," said Lord Erskine, "a man remarkable for heroic bravery, whose very aspect was not lighted up by gentleness and humanity."

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Cambria.

Interesting and Important from Europe.

The steamship Cambria arrived in Boston on the afternoon of the 17th inst., bringing news from England to July 4th.

By the politeness of Mr. G. G. Waterhouse, our accommodating and gentlemanly Mail Contractor, we have been furnished with an Extra from the Portland Advertiser Office containing the following interesting intelligence. We shall in our next number give the news more in detail.

Passing of the Corn Bill and Custom Duty Bill—Defeat of the Irish Coercion Bill—Resignation of the Peel Ministry—The Whigs in Office.

Two highly important events have occurred since we last addressed our readers. These are, the passing of the Corn Bill and the dissolution of the Ministry. On the evening of Thursday, June 25, the House of Lords passed the third reading of the Corn Bill without a division, and at two o'clock the succeeding morning, the House of Commons left Sir Robert Peel's government in the minority of 73 on the Irish Coercion Bill.

The two measures we have named stand towards each other in the relation of cause and effect. Nominally, the ministry has been strangled on Irish ground; actually, its existence has been terminated by the exhaustion of vitality in opposition to the corn monopoly.

The result which has happened has long been foreshadowed. It has taken no one by surprise. The disruption in the Conservative ranks produced by Sir Robert Peel's Free-trade policy was so complete that the party could never work again harmoniously, and the first opportunity for splitting the leader was sought eagerly by those who thought themselves betrayed.

The Irish Coercion Bill presented that opportunity. On the first reading, the Protectionists gave it a willing, the Whigs a qualified support. But the intervening three months had so completely changed the ordinary position of parties, that Lord John Russell and Lord George Bentinck found themselves in the lobby last week, voting against the Minister. The result has been his overthrow.

The ministerial interregnum has produced less stir than was expected, probably because it was looked for. On Saturday Sir Robert Peel proceeded to the Isle of Wight for the purpose of tendering his own and his colleagues' resignation to the Queen, and on Monday night he made a lengthened exposition of his motives for resigning in the House of Commons.

This speech is one of the most important statements ever made in a popular legislature, and it will influence more or less the policy of every commercial country in the world. It indicates a new phase in the domestic policy of England, a new combination of parties, and a much more enlarged and liberal course of action in future.

Public feeling has not yet had time to exhibit itself respecting the personnel of the new ministry. One remarkable feature, however, is, that the Times the most influential paper in the British empire, is disposed to regard it favorably, and to give it a candid trial. This the present state of public opinion, it is tolerably sure of receiving Sir Robert Peel, if gossip is to be credited, not only views it without jealousy, but with a friendly eye.

The new policy to be pursued towards Ireland naturally attracts much attention. It is a critical period for O'Connell. Already the elements of disruption are rife amongst the Repealers; already has "Dan" intimated his intention of denouncing the refractory amongst the "Young Ireland" portion of his adherents. If he finds them untractable he has still sufficient power and popularity left to crush those who will not be subservient to his views. While he lives he will endure no rival—tolerate no insubordination in the camp.

Personally, O'Connell prefers the Whigs to the Tories, but a large section of his supporters do not. It will test the sincerity of the "old man eloquent" in the Repeal cause. He cannot ride his hobby, and maintain his supremacy with the Whigs. Which will he forego? The answer to this question involves the continuance or otherwise of combined action amongst the Repealers.

The only question that presses for an immediate settlement is the sugar duties, a question upon which the incoming Premier is said to feel strongly. A short bill has been introduced for extending the existing duties over another month. Peel would have settled the question before his retirement, if the multitude of his embarrassments had enabled him. As it is, his successor will probably cut the matter short, and level the distinctions between slave and free-labor sugar, by admitting the produce of the Spanish colonies under the "most favored nation" clause of the treaty of Utrecht.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

No event within our memory has produced a feeling of more general satisfaction and joy in this country than the intelligence which came to hand by the *Hibernia*, that the Oregon question had been amicably settled between the American and British Governments. The news arrived at a critical moment—literally on the eve of the dissolution of the Peel Ministry—and the excellent purpose to which this message of peace was turned by the outgoing Representative of the Crown, will be best appreciated by those who read his last official speech.

The American papers which came to hand by the *Hibernia*, differ in one point from the British Minister's version of the settlement. According to them the navigation of the Columbia is contingent upon the duration of the Hudson Bay Company's Charter; according to his reading of the treaty, the navigation is common to the citizens of both countries in perpetuity—a distinction of some importance, which has formed the subject of a good deal of comment in the English press. It is assumed on this side of the water, not unreasonably, that the late Premier is right, and that the American papers are wrong.

This has terminated a feud which threatened to embroil in bloody and protracted war two of the mightiest and most civilized countries on the face of the earth. We may claim for our coun-

trymen, during the continuance of this dispute, the credit of having exhibited a dignified and noble attitude, the absence of all irritation, and a fervent desire to bring the dispute to a pacific close.

We cannot close this brief article without hearing honorable testimony to the talent and popularity of the American Minister in England, Mr. M'Lain—a gentleman whose intelligence, respectability, and patriotism, reflects credit on his country and himself. He is universally respected, and his popularity is certainly not inferior to that of any former Minister at the Court of St. James's. The Earl of Aberdeen, in the House of Lords on Monday, gave expression to the following sentiments respecting this distinguished American:—"Gratifying as that intelligence was, (the arrival of the *Hibernia* news,) he felt it an act of duty and justice, as it was a duty of as much pleasure as justice, to pay his tribute to the friendly and conciliatory course which had been adopted by the United States Minister in this country. He had long known him, and he had had reason to respect him in an official capacity fifteen or sixteen years ago. He was certain that by every means in his (the American Minister's) power, he had contributed to the present result. He was certain that there was no person in that House, this country who more cordially participated in the satisfaction which they might experience than Mr. M'Lain, the American Minister."

COMMERCIAL.—The passing of the Corn Bill and of the Tariff has caused the Custom House authorities in London to be more than usually busy. In Liverpool, during four days of the present week, nearly a quarter of a million sterling was received for duties. The quantity of Wheat and Flour taken out of bond has been immense. The railroads, the canals, and other conveyances have been loaded to repletion in transmitting this produce into the interior of the country.

The object of this extraordinary pressure was to secure the lowest rate of duty which the little sliding scale that remains in force during the next two years and half can reach. The duty up to Thursday was 4s. per quarter on Wheat, and 2s. 1d. per barrel on Flour. Yesterday the average of the six preceding weeks showed a decrease in the price, and an increase in the duty. A shilling higher on Wheat was enacted, with a corresponding increase on Flour.

This immense quantity of produce being thrown simultaneously on the market, must, in the nature of things, bring down prices. The harvest, too, which promises to be prolific and early, may, we fear produce something approaching to an agricultural panic.

But the release from bond of this immense quantity of provisions has not been confined to bread stuffs. Large quantities of American Beef and Pork, which now comes in duty free, have also been freed from the Queen's lock. With abundance of employment for the laboring population, and a comparative low scale of prices for provisions, not only great domestic comfort but an extensive amount of business and a corresponding degree of prosperity must await on all, from the operative to the merchant.

The weather continues beautiful. The intense heat has been succeeded by refreshing showers, which decreased the temperature and, by moistening the parched earth, materially assisted the growing crops. The prospects of an early and an abundant harvest are most cheering. The influence of such a state of things on business of every description cannot fail to be beneficial.

The settlement of the Oregon question, the details of which will be found in Sir Robert Peel's speech, will not be without its effect in cementing still more closely our commercial relations with the United States. The friendly, nay, the evoking tone in which the retiring Premier referred to this happy consummation, shows the reluctance which existed in this country to cope with America in a hostile attitude. The settlement of the Oregon question, and the winding up of the Oregon dispute, are two of the most important and gratifying results which the present age has witnessed.

The Cotton market is in a healthy but not very improved state. Prices have improved a little, and with the settlement of the great questions of the day, there will probably be more confidence in the future in general.

The complete change in the sugar duties has had a temporary effect upon sales, as on the eve of a change stocks became depressed, and the dealers they are not anxious to go beyond their most pressing wants. The Coffee trade has also been in a lethargic condition.

The Money market considering the ministerial interregnum, is firm, and the stoppage of many of the railway projects of the session by the change of ministry, will give increased confidence to capitalists, and quiet the fears of the timid.

The most full and ample details of the home and colonial market will be found in the usual place.

FASTHOODS.—The following purports to be from the correspondence of the Baltimore American. We find it in the Journal of Commerce—a sheet that generally discovers too much sense to circulate such nonsense. We have no doubt the writer knew he was penning falsehoods when he wrote the letter:—

WASHINGTON, July 9, 1846.

The dismemberment of Mexico is the design of the Administration, and that not only by the cession of California, but by seizure and possession of the entire country beyond the line of Tamaulipas on the Gulf of Mexico, and the same parallel on the Pacific. The seizures embrace the richest and most valuable provinces of Mexico. It includes all of California, from the head to the cape, and not alone the Provinces bordering on the Rio Grande. Parts of Sonora, Guadalupe, and Zacatecas, and all of Sonora, Durango, San Luis Potosi, New Leon, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Tamaulipas are to be the fruits of this conquest. The Government here are ready to settle the

question now if Mexico will yield up the country I have named, or consent to run a line from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific upon the line I have named. All this is in contemplation now, secretly but seriously, and the regiment raised for California, of which I give you the first notice some time since, is the first fruits of the Expedition. I content myself with making the announcement of the ambitious designs of the Administration, and leave it to yourselves and readers to speak of them as they deserve to be spoken of.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, JULY 21, 1846.

ELECTION—MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 14.

Democratic Republican Nomination.

FOR GOVERNOR.

JOHN W. DANA.

Congressional Convention.

The DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the Towns and Plantations in the Oxford portion of the 1st Congressional District are requested to meet in Convention, by their Delegates, at LOVELL VILLAGE, on Tuesday, the Eighteenth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M., to select a candidate to be supported by the Democracy of said District to the next Congress.

Towns and Plantations having fifty Democratic votes, or a less number, will send one Delegate each; over fifty and less than one hundred and twenty-five, two; over one hundred and twenty-five and less than two hundred and fifty, three; over two hundred and fifty, four.

Per Order of the Committee.

Oxford Senatorial, County, and District Conventions.

A Convention of the DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of Oxford Senatorial District will be held, by their Delegates, at the COURT HOUSE in PARIS, on Thursday, the Twentieth day of August next, at ten o'clock A. M., for the purpose of selecting three candidates for the State Senate to be supported at the ensuing election.

Also—A Convention of the DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the County of Oxford will be held on the same day and at the same place, at two o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting candidates for the several County Offices that are to be elected by the people.

Also—A Convention of the DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS of the Eastern Registry District will be held on the same day and at the same place, at three o'clock P. M., for the purpose of selecting a candidate for Register of Deeds in said District.

All Towns and Plantations which give fifty Democratic votes, or a less number, will send one Delegate; over fifty and less than one hundred and twenty-five, two; over one hundred and twenty-five and less than two hundred and fifty, three; over two hundred and fifty, four.

Per Order of the County Committee.

U. S. SENATOR.

On the 16th inst. the Legislature went into an election of a Senator to represent this State in the Senate of the United States for six years from the 1st of March next. It resulted in the choice of JAMES W. BRADLEY, Esq., of Augusta.

The vote of the two Houses we subjoin as we find it in the Age.

In the Senate, the whole number of votes was 29.

James W. Bradley had 26.

George Evans 3.

In the House there were three balloting before a choice was effected.

First Ballot—Whole number of votes, 144.

Necessity for a choice, 73.

James W. Bradley had 68.

George Evans 5.

possibility for his political acts to the people, whose servant or agent he is. We feel confident that in his hand the interests of the democratic party throughout the union will be consulted. He is not a man given to change. True as steel he has been, and we firmly believe ever will be.

THE TARIFF.—The N. Y. Journal of Commerce says—The iron makers are thunder struck at the new Tariff. Ruin, ruin, ruin, is their cry. A duty of thirty per cent, equal to a protection of fifty per cent, they say will bankrupt the whole of them. They declare that they will shut up their establishments, turn their workmen adrift, and insist on being ruined any how. Well, if iron can only be furnished at home, at once and a half the price at which it can be procured abroad, then ruin ought to overwhelm the business! What a monstrous proposition it is, that an article of such universal necessity, consumed in such vast quantities, essential to all public improvements and private business, should be interdicted, except to such a price. If the nation harbor such a proposition for one moment, we are a nation of block-heads, and ought to pay tribute to iron-makers. The iron-makers must have made themselves iron faces, to hazard resistance to the bill which has just passed the House.

But their cry of ruin, is as untrue as it is absurd. Iron can be made as cheaply in the U. S. as any where on the globe. They say that the price of labor is much dearer here than elsewhere. So it is, for the moment; for the enormous profits of the business have forced new establishments into existence so rapidly, that they have bid upon each other, until the wages of good men have risen to four, five, and even seven dollars a day. Pig iron has been made to cost \$17 a ton to the maker, so that he has only doubled his money by the sale at \$31. But it can be made at \$12, and less; as all these distracted men well understand. The profits of the iron-makers under the tariff of 1842, have been altogether frightful. In some cases they have cleared the cost of their establishments in one year. A great proportion of the manufacturers are satisfied with the new bill. It is largely protective; so much so as many of them desired in 1842.

But then, expecting to get half what they asked for, they asked for twice what they wanted, and got the whole. Now they have a good bill, a bill which if they act wisely, will bring the movements of free trade for some years, though further reductions are sure to be made eventually.

WOOL.—We learn from the Boston Post of the 17th inst. that Wool was selling in the Boston market on the 16th at the following prices:—

American, full blood, 35 to 37 cents per pound.	
do 3-4 do 31 to 33 do	
do 1-2 do 28 to 30 do	
do 1-4 and common, 25 to 28 cents per lb.	
Lambs, superfine, pulled 32 to 33 cents per pound.	
do No. 1, 28 to 30 do	
do No. 2, 24 to 26 do	
do No. 3, 11 to 15 do	

ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR '48.—The N. Y. Globe says one of the Whigs have nominated Gen. Vega for President. It is said that he goes in with Giddings of Ohio, for a dissolution of the Union, and that he believes with our friend Greeley, that the war with Mexico is "murder." It is not yet decided whether Greeley or Giddings will be put on the ticket as Vice President.

ACQUITTAL.—The U. S. Circuit Court, Judge Woodbury presiding, has been engaged in the trial of Capt. Libby, of brig Porpoise, charged with being an accomplice in the slave trade. The trial closed on Wednesday last, and Capt. Libby was acquitted.

Capt. Libby is now on trial for "aiding and abetting" in the slave trade, Judge Ware on the bench.

POLITICAL CHEMISTRY.—The Lockport, N. York, Gazette has discovered that the mixing of the Whig party with the Abolitionists, at the election in New York, had the same effect as mixing sulphuric acid with water, the more you mix it the less there is of it.

Gals, d'ye hear it? In Austin, Texas, there are only about a barrel and a half of gals, and they had been all tormented with offers. So state the last accounts.

A planter in Virginia once owned a slave to connect with one of his neighbors. He was a poor man, and would sometimes wind off his prayers by saying: "O Lord! in addition to all the blessings, I, a sinner, have asked at your hands, will you in your infinite mercy and goodness, condescend to bless my half of Pomp!"

Mr. Webster presented, in the Senate of the U. S. on the 17th inst., a petition, signed by every important dry goods in Boston, against the proposed modification of the present tariff, and took occasion to express his intention, at a proper time, to go into a thorough examination of all the details of the bill.

Fire at Westfield.—Nantuxet has recently been visited by a most calamitous fire. One third of the town was destroyed. Buildings were blown up with the hope of checking the fiery element, but for hours seemed to have gained the ascendancy. The loss is estimated at about \$1,000,000.

Providing, says the Louisville Democrat, to write and publish the life of a great man, who is to be a candidate, and have said great man spoil the whole edition by spilling a nasty drop of soap upon it!

"It is very curious," said an old gentleman a few days since to a friend, "that a watch should be perfectly dry when it has a running spring inside."

Capt. Thomas F. Marshall, of Ky., narrowly escaped death by shooting, at the hands of some of the volunteers who had enlisted under him at Louisville, about two weeks since. A difficulty had arisen between him and them, which led to the attempt upon his life.

Robert Tyler, son of the Ex President, has been elected captain of a new volunteer company in Philadelphia called the Tyler Guards.

TAXPAYERS OF MAINE.—The Augusta Age in an article setting forth the benefits that will accrue to Maine under the new Tariff, and also contrasting it with that of 1842, makes the following remarks. It states that the reduction of duty on six principal articles used in Ship building is from 14 to 163 per cent! On salt, a duty of 20 per cent, whereas under the old law there was a specific duty of 8 cents a bushel, equivalent to an ad valorem duty of from 50 to 75 per cent.

"So too with the flannel and lumbermen. Potatoes under the act of 1842, received a protection equal to only 24 per cent, and coarse wool, the article which principally comes in competition with that sold by our farmers, a protection of five per cent. Now potatoes, wool, and firewood are all protected with a duty of thirty per cent. Nor is this all. The tax upon the great staples of consumption and use, which we do not produce in Maine—on sugar, molasses, salt, cotton cloths, woolen cloths, flannels, lumbermen's chains, &c. &c. have been reduced more than one half in the aggregate, and equalized with the duties paid by the citizens of other States. All this has been done, while the poor man's luxury, tea and coffee, come to him still untaxed, and the hardy fisherman still receives the protection of government in his dangerous pursuits, by a continuation of the fishing bounty.

"This Tariff law, the first enacted for many years in which the interests of the people of Maine have been at all regarded, is emphatically a relief law for the great mass of the people of Maine, who have for a long series of years been subjected to most oppressive burdens for the protection of a few cotton spinners, sugar planters, iron mongers and salt makers in other States. Let us rejoice that the day of deliverance is at hand."

SOUTHERN CONVENTION.—The Democrats of Somerset, at their Convention on the 9th inst., made the following nominations:—William B. Flint, of North Anson, and R. West Hale, of Ripley, for Senators. John Caswell, of Shawhegan, for Clerk of Courts. H. T. Taylor, of Fairfield, for Register of Deeds. John C. Page, of North Anson, for County Treasurer. Paulina M. Foster, of North Anson, for County Attorney. Robert Hunter, of Fairfield, for County Commissioner. Edward Webster, of Tisbury Plantation, for County Commissioner.

THE SLAVES.—Three hundred and ninety in number, to which John Randolph gave their liberty, by his will, are about to be settled in Ohio, where three thousand acres of land have been purchased for them. Many were also taken to them to purchase implements of husbandry, &c. The charges vary from a few weeks to six years.

LEGISLATIVE SYNOPSIS.

SENATE.—On motion of Mr. Knowlton, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the Bill to establish a Board of Education in this State. Mr. Knowlton proposed to amend the second section of the bill by providing that the Board shall be chosen by a convention in each County, of one delegate from each superintending school committee. Also to amend the third section, so as to make it conform to the first section as amended. Also to amend the eleventh section, by regulating the per centum compensation of the members of the Board at two dollars. The first amendment was adopted.

Mr. Brown moved a reconsideration of the vote, with a view of laying the bill and amendments on the table, and assigning a time for their consideration. On motion of Mr. Knowlton, the motion of Mr. Brown was laid on the table, and the further consideration of the whole subject was postponed until Tuesday next.

IN THE HOUSE.—Mr. Brown, from the committee on Education, reported in a new draft a bill to incorporate school districts to borrow money for certain purposes, which was laid on the table, and referred to be printed for the use of the Legislature.

On motion of Mr. Munroe, of Livermore, an order was passed directing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of abolishing sections 37 and 38 of chapter 143 of the Revised Statutes.

Finally passed—Bill, to incorporate the Seelye and Long Point Steam Navigation Company, to run to the Boston and Maine Railroad and Eastern Company with the Boston and Maine Railroad, additional relative to Kennebec and Portland Railroad Company.

MONDAY, JULY 13.

IN SENATE.—Mr. Munroe, from the Committee on Railways, presented a report on a bill, for certain purposes, and the whole was ordered to be printed as usual.

The Repeal of laws that create an exemption of clerical and other who were an inhabitant of Massachusetts at the date of 1840, and a law in relation to the Repeal of laws, and what has not already received a grant of land of money, or a pension from the United States, and each widow of any such person, shall be entitled to receive fifty dollars from the Treasury of the State, provided her claim shall be paid to the satisfaction of the Treasurer of State, on or before the first day of July next.

Mr. Bailey called up the order fixing the time for the election of U. S. Senators, and the same having been amended in accordance with the House was passed.

IN THE HOUSE.—Mr. Davis, of Saco, from the committee to which was referred the petition, signed by more than thirty thousand inhabitants of this State, for a law for the suppression of drinking houses and tippling shops, reported a bill entitled an act to restrict the sale of intoxicating drinks, which was laid on the table and 500 copies ordered to be printed for the use of the Legislature and 500, additional, for the use of the House.

TUESDAY, JULY 14.

IN SENATE.—Resolves of certain unconstitutional officers and officers of the revolutionary war, and the widow of deceased officers and soldiers, were reported by the Committee on Bills in the 24th reading. Mr. Hodgson opposed the passage of the Resolves. Mr. Munroe spoke in its favor. Mr. Dana proposed an amendment by striking out that part of the Resolves which relates to widows of soldiers. On motion of Mr. Brown, the subject was laid on the table.

On motion of Mr. Knowlton, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the Bill to establish a Board of Education in this State. The question pending being on the motion to reconsider the vote adopting an amendment proposed by Mr. Knowlton. [The Bill, as reported, provides that the Superintending School Committee of the several towns in each county, shall meet annually, and choose one person for each county who shall be a member of the Board. The amendment of Mr. Knowlton provides that the Superintending School Committees shall elect one delegate each, which delegates shall meet and elect the members of the Board.] Mr. Knowlton ad-

